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The North American Review

JANUARY, 1815

*From the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society
Vol. 1—pp. 429-433*

NOTICE OF WILLIAM TUDOR, JR.

THE subject of this notice was born in Boston, January 28th, 1779, and was the eldest son of William and Delia (Jarvis) Tudor. His father was one of the original members of the Historical Society, and its first Treasurer; and from both parents the son inherited marked abilities and refined tastes. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at an early age was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1796. It was his father's wish that he should engage in a mercantile life; and, on leaving college, he entered a counting-room in his native town. Here he showed a zealous devotion to the interest of his employer, and an unimpeachable integrity; and, on reaching manhood, he was sent as a confidential agent to Paris. He spent about a year abroad, mostly in Paris; and, though his financial success was not what had been hoped for, he made many personal friends, and largely increased his stores of knowledge. It is probable that even at this early period he had a greater inclination toward literary pursuits than toward a business career.

However, shortly after his return, his father provided him with a small capital, and he sailed for Leghorn. This voyage was not successful; but, as before, he spent about a year in Europe, gathering the best fruits of a residence abroad. Subsequently, he visited France, Germany, Holland, and England, returning home with a deeply increased love of letters, and with various acquisitions of knowledge; and he became one of the founders of the Anthology Club, and a frequent contributor to its monthly magazine. From these congenial occupations he was soon drawn away; and, in 1805, he went to the West Indies with his cousin, the late Hon. James Savage, to act as agent for his brother, Frederic Tudor, who had already formed the plan of shipping ice to warm climates. The quantity of ice at first sent out was small,—only one hundred and thirty tons, says Mr. Frederic Tudor, in his letter printed in the Proceedings of this Society for January, 1856,—but the result of the experiment was satisfactory. Mr. Tudor remained in the West Indies for seven months, and then returned home. Not long after his return, he was chosen one of the Representatives of Boston in the State Legis-

lature; and, in 1809, he delivered the customary Fourth of July oration in Boston, which passed through two editions. In the following year, he was selected to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge; but his departure for Europe before the date of the anniversary prevented the delivery of his address. Five years afterward, he delivered an address before that Society on the Aborigines, which was printed in the second volume of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*.

Of that journal Mr. Tudor was the founder and first editor, and to the first four volumes he was the largest contributor; but, at the end of two years, he relinquished the editorial care of the work to Mr. Sparks, and only three of his articles are of later date than the fourth volume. Mr. Tudor was chosen a member of the Historical Society in April, 1816, and to the eighth volume of the second series of the Collections he contributed an extended memoir of his father. This is his only known contribution to the Society's publications; but, from 1820 to 1824, he was a member of the Standing Committee. In 1817, he delivered an address before the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was afterward printed; and, two years later, he published a volume, entitled "Letters from the Eastern States," which attracted much notice on its publication, but is now well-nigh forgotten. If Mr. Tudor had written nothing else, this work, which reached a second edition in 1821, would fully justify the reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. Though it is cast in the form of familiar letters, the style has few marks of haste or negligence. The observations are those of a keen-eyed critic, who had enjoyed a large familiarity with the best society at home and abroad; and, as a picture of New England life and an authentic record of the prevailing tendencies of New England thought at the time when it was written, it has a real and permanent value.

In 1823, he published the ablest and best known of his works, his "Life of James Otis." Unfortunately, the materials were scanty; but the memoir was written in a vigorous and polished style, and is characterized by broad and just views, and it is not likely to be superseded. Mr. Bowen did not exaggerate its merits when he wrote, in the preface to his own brief and admirable sketch of the life of Otis, in Mr. Sparks's "American Biography": "The 'Life of James Otis,' by the late William Tudor, is one of the most pleasing and instructive biographies in the whole range of American literature. It is a fine specimen of historical research and literary taste and skill, leaving but few particulars to be gathered by the subsequent inquirer respecting the personal history of the individual commemorated."

In the same year in which this volume was published, Mr. Tudor was appointed Consul of the United States for Lima; and, in November, he embarked for South America. His duties in this office were discharged in a manner alike advantageous to his country and creditable to himself. In the summer of 1827, he received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro; but his health had become seriously impaired, and it was not until a year afterward that he was able to undertake the journey across the continent to his new and more responsible post. At Rio de Janeiro, he concluded a treaty, settling many outstanding claims of the United States against the Brazilian government in a manner several times warmly commended by President John Quincy Adams in his Diary. On his death, Mr. Adams wrote an obituary notice in the "National Intelligencer"; and he meditated preparing a more extended memoir for *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, but this purpose was relinquished. While at Rio de Janeiro, Mr.

Tudor wrote a work, entitled "Gebel Teir," which was published, anonymously, in 1829, and in which, in the form of an allegory, he gives his opinions in regard to the condition and policy of the United States and of several of the European powers.¹

Mr. Tudor died of fever at Rio de Janeiro, March 9th, 1830. Among his contemporaries, he enjoyed a high reputation as a scholar, a writer, and an amiable and accomplished gentleman. He was one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum, and to him is due the first suggestion of the monument on Bunker Hill. Faithful in the discharge of every trust confided to him, indefatigable in labor, with a ripe and various culture, and the master of a clear and, in general, correct style, he happily blended the character of a scholar with that of a man of affairs, and his death at the age of fifty-one was a public loss.

C. C. S.²

PEN-PICTURE OF WALTER SCOTT

[Excerpt from "Letters from Edinburgh," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, 1815

I SHOULD think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broad shouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such a manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject, fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King'. Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of the Lay of the last Minstrel, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when

¹ The copy of this work in the Library of the Society has the following memorandum on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of Mr. Ticknor:—

"'Gebel Teir' was written by the Hon. William Tudor, while he was Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro, from which place he sent the manuscript to me; and I caused it to be published, preserving strictly, as he desired me to do, his incognito. As it seems to me, and to those of his nearest friends whom I have consulted, to be no longer desirable to conceal the fact of its authorship, I deposit this copy with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"GEORGE TICKNOR.

"BOSTON, January 29, 1846."

² The memoir which is here given has been furnished to the Society by Mr. C. C. Smith.

young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a 'moral' to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. It may be so.—Walter Scott was married some time since to a Guernsey lady, an illegitimate daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he was said to have received 10,000*l*. The lady was born in Guernsey, and speaks villanous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches, who criticise her husband's works; and it is said, that when the review of *Marmion* was published in the *Edinburgh Review*, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

Mr. Scott has also some other blessings, which rarely fall to the fortune of a poet. He is the sheriff of a county, commits to prison, and hangs with great spirit and quite a vulgar dexterity; he is moreover clerk of the court before mentioned. These two situations give him 800 or 1000*l*. a year; besides he had for *Marmion* 1000 guineas, 2000 for the *Lady*, and 3000 for *Rokeby*; and he has also been the editor of several extensive works.

Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks made him leave the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

EUROPE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

[From "A Few Weeks in Paris," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of May, 1815

WE cannot close this article without saying a few words on the present prospects of Europe. One great advantage seems a certain result; the world must, in some degree, be regulated as formerly, by a balance of power. The most prominent evil of the times, in which we have lived, has been the constant tendency of events, to throw the whole power of the world into the hands of two nations. France

obtained the land, and England the sea; till at length the former was engaged in a direct attempt to undermine the power of the latter, by destroying the intercourse of nations, and cutting off the commerce of the continent, when a succession of wonderful events utterly subverted her plans, and reduced her at once to her ancient limits, which twenty years of successful war had so widely extended.

In the new arrangement of Europe, Russia and Prussia act in unison, Austria and England second each other's views; France opposes them all; on some questions joining with Austria and England against Russia; at others with Russia and Prussia against England. Prussia accedes to the wishes of the Russians for Poland; on having her support in acquiring part of the Saxon territory, and stretching her arm to the Rhine. England having no jealousy of Austria on the water, assists her schemes of aggrandizement in Italy, she giving a quit claim of Flanders, to the Prince of Orange,¹ who uniting this to Holland, makes a considerable kingdom in appearance, but a weak one in reality, as the Dutch and Flemings have long had a strong, mutual animosity, founded in part on a difference of religion. The country having very little natural strength on the French frontier, is defended by the largest fortresses in the world, but which require enormous expense, and large armies for their support. Unless Holland could recover her monopoly of commerce, which seems impossible; it would hardly be politick for her to maintain such enormous artificial works; on the one side her dykes to defend herself from the fury of the ocean; on the other these Flemish fortifications to oppose the ambition of France, as restless, turbulent, and encroaching as the waves of that ocean. The Poles, the Saxons, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Italians are all dissatisfied, and all protest against these arrangements.

There is apparent in these plans, a total disregard of the rights of the weaker people, and a general spirit of extending, rather than of improving the dominions of the larger powers. If the smaller states are doomed to be swallowed up, the monopoly of four or five will not insure tranquillity, and after having devoured others, there will be new contests for the destruction of one another. After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bank-

¹ The policy of having a direct share in the government of the continent is now more confirmed than ever in England. As they must soon lose their German possessions, they have provided this new connexion. The Salick law prevails in the government of Hanover, and by the act of settlement of the Brunswick family, when they were promoted to the English throne, it was stipulated that, on the crown devolving to a female, that the *youngest* son of the preceding monarch should succeed to the electorate of Hanover, which should then become an independent sovereignty. The Duke of Cambridge, who is now the Governor of Hanover, will therefore assume the sovereign power whenever the Princess Charlotte of Wales comes to the crown. The hereditary Prince of Orange is destined to marry her; he was educated at an English university, is a general officer, and has a regiment in the English service. How much is wanting to make him an English prince?

rupts, or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

TWO PRESIDENTS ON WAR

[From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of May, 1816]

[A Society has been established in Massachusetts, by some christian philanthropists, to discourage war. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the utility of this Institution, no doubt can exist about the purity of the motives of the respectable individuals who compose it. One of the strongest arguments for war in Europe, a crowded population, cannot be found in this country for a long period of time. The following letters were received by the founder of this Society, in answer to an application to the writers for their support of its views. Any letters coming from such eminent men as Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, must be interesting; but these are highly characteristic. We copy them from the 4th number of "The Friend of Peace", a work published under the auspices of this Society.]

MR. JEFFERSON'S ANSWER

MONTICELLO, Jan. 29, 1816.

SIR,

Your letter, bearing date October 18, 1815, came only to hand the day before yesterday, which is mentioned to explain the date of mine. I have to thank you for the pamphlets accompanying it, to wit, the Solemn Review, the Friend of Peace or Special Interview, and the Friend of Peace, No. 2. The first of these I had received through another channel some months ago. I have not read the two last steadily through, because where one assents to propositions as soon as announced, it is loss of time to read the arguments in support of them. These numbers discuss the first branch of the causes of war, that is to say, wars undertaken for the *point of honour*, which you aptly analogize with the act of duelling between individuals, and reason with justice from the one to the other. Undoubtedly this class of wars is, in the general, what you state them to be, "needless, unjust and inhuman, as well as antichristian."

The second branch of this subject, to wit, wars undertaken on account of *wrong done*, and which may be likened to the act of robbery in private life, I presume will be treated of in your future numbers. I observe this class mentioned in the Solemn Review, p. 10, and the question asked, "Is it common for a nation to obtain a *redress* of wrongs by war?" The answer to this question you will of course draw from history; in the mean time, reason will answer it on grounds of probability, that where the wrong has been done by a weaker nation,

the stronger one has generally been able to enforce redress; but where by a stronger nation, redress by war has been neither obtained nor expected by the weaker; on the contrary, the loss has been increased by the expenses of the war, in blood and treasure: yet it may have obtained another object, equally securing itself from future wrong. It may have retaliated on the aggressor, losses of blood and treasure, far beyond the value to him, of the wrong he had committed, and thus have made the advantage of that too dear a purchase to leave him in a disposition to renew the wrong in future; in this way, the loss by the war may have secured the weaker nation from loss by future wrong. The case you state of two boxers, both of whom get a "terrible bruising," is opposite to this; he, of the two who committed the aggression on the other, although victor in the scuffle, yet probably finds his aggression not worth the bruising it has cost him. To explain this by numbers, it is alleged, that Great Britain took from us, before the late war, near 1000 vessels, and that during the war, we took from her 1400; that before the war, she seized, and made slaves of 6000 of our citizens, and that in the war we killed more than 6000 of her subjects, and caused her to expend such a sum as amounted to 4 or 5000 guineas a head for every slave she made. She might have purchased the vessels she took, for less than the value of those she lost, and have used the 6000 of her men killed, for the purpose to which she applied ours, have saved the 4 or 5000 guineas a head, and obtained a character of justice, which is valuable to a nation as to an individual. These considerations, therefore, leave her without inducement to plunder property, and take men in future on such dear terms. I neither affirm nor deny the truth of these allegations, nor is their truth material to the question; they are possible, and therefore present a case which will claim your consideration, in a discussion of the general question; Whether any degree of injury can render a recourse to war expedient? Still less do I suppose, to draw to myself any part in this discussion. Age, and its effects both on body and mind, has weaned my attentions from publick subjects, and left me unequal to the labours of correspondence, beyond the limits of my personal concerns. I retire therefore from the question, with a sincere wish, that your writings may have effect in lessening this greatest of human evils, and that you may retain life and health, to enjoy the contemplation of this happy spectacle; and pray you to be assured of my great respect.

TH: JEFFERSON.

MR. ADAMS' ANSWER

QUINCY, February 6, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind letter of the 23rd of January, and I thank you for the pamphlets enclosed with it.

It is very true, as my excellent friend, Mr. Norton, has informed you, that I have read many of your publications with pleasure.

I have also read, almost all the days of my life, the solemn reasonings and pathetick declamations of Erasmus, of Fenelon, of St. Pierre, and many others against war, and in favour of peace. My understanding and my heart, accorded with them, at first blush. But, alas! a longer and more extensive experience has convinced me, that wars are as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

Our beloved country, sir, is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land.

Universal and perpetual peace appears to me, no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience, and non-resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few.

I cannot therefore, sir, be a subscriber or a member of your society.

I do, sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace. I seek only repose.

With the most cordial esteem, however,

I am, sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVÉTIUS

[Selected from an article on *Grimm's Memoirs*]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of May, 1815

1780.

GRIEVED at your resolution pronounced so positively last evening, to remain single the rest of your life, in honour of your dear husband, I returned home. Throwing myself on the bed, I thought that I had died, and that I was in the Elysian fields. They asked if I had a desire to see any particular personages? Lead me to the philosophers.—There are two who live near here, in this garden; they are very good neighbours and friends to one another.—Who are they?—Socrates and Helvétius.—I esteem both of them prodigiously, but let me first see Helvétius, because I know a little French, and not a word of Greek.—He received me with great courtesy, having known, he said, my character for some time. He asked me a thousand questions about the war, the present state of religion, of liberty and of government in France. You make no inquiries, said I, after your dear friend Madame Helvétius, and yet she loves you excessively; it is only an hour since I saw her. Ah! said he, you make me remember my former felicity, but it must be forgotten to be happy here. For

many years I thought only of her; at last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not, it is true, quite so beautiful, but she has much good sense and wit, and she loves me infinitely; her continual study is to please me. She has just gone out to seek for the best nectar and ambrosia, to regale me this evening; remain here, and you shall see her. I perceive, said I, that your ancient friend is more faithful to you, for she has refused many good matches that have offered. I confess to you, that I have loved her myself to madness, but she is excessively cruel to me, and has refused me absolutely, to do honour to you. I pity your misfortune, said he, as she was a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé Roche and the Abbé M——, do they not sometimes visit her? Yes, certainly, she has not lost one of your friends. If you had gained the Abbé M—— with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you might have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as St. Thomas, and he places his arguments in such good order, that they become almost irresistible: or if you had gained over the Abbé de la Roche, by some fine edition of an old classick, to speak against you, it would have been still better, for I often observed, that when he advised any thing, she had a very strong inclination to do the contrary. At these words, in came the new Madame Helvétius; in an instant I recognized her to be Madame Franklin, my ancient American friend. I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly—"I was your good wife for forty-nine years and four months, almost half a century; be content with that. I have here formed a new connexion, that will endure forever." Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I resolved immediately to leave those ungrateful shades, and to return to this world, to revisit the sun and you. Here I am, let us revenge ourselves.

1778. Dr. Franklin talks little: and at the commencement of his residence at Paris, while France refused to declare openly in favour of the colonies, he spoke still less. At a dinner of wits, to engage him in conversation, a person said to him, "It must be owned that it is a grand and superb spectacle, that America offers at this period." "Yes," answered modestly the Doctor, "but the spectators do not pay."—They have paid since.

A very fine Latin verse has been made for the portrait of Dr. Franklin:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

This is a happy imitation of a line of the *Anti-Lucretius*:

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phœboque sagittas.

October, 1727. The following lines were written to be placed under

the portrait of M. Benjamin Franklin, painted by Cochin, and engraved by St. Aubin.

(The Censor thought himself obliged to suppress them, as blasphemous.)

¹ C'est l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hémisphère
Les flots de l'Océan s'abaissent à sa voix;
Il réprime ou dirige à son gré le tonnerre
Qui désarme les Dieux peut-il craindre les rois.²

FOR A PARCELS POST

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of May, 1815

SIR,—It is surprising, that in a country where the spirit of improvement and enterprise is so strong, the establishment of mail and other coaches, should be so miserably wanting in every thing, for the comfort of the traveller, which is still more remarkable, because there being no post-horses on the roads, almost all our journeying is in these vehicles. Hitherto nothing seems to have been aimed at but speed, and the rapidity with which the mail is transported, equals that of the most improved countries in Europe. Yet no change has been made in the coaches. In Massachusetts they are in a degree better than in other states; but, when you get out of this state, they are mere inconvenient waggons, in their primitive construction. Certainly, the great roads from Portland to New-York, and some of the roads in Pennsylvania, will admit of better carriages.

In addition to more comfortable carriages, an arrangement for transmitting small parcels is exceedingly wanted. In England, this is found to be a lucrative branch of the business; every town has a coach office, where parcels are booked, and are transmitted daily to all parts of the kingdom, for a trifling charge; every package is delivered immediately, and very often the persons, to whom they are addressed, receive them as early as they would a letter by the mail. Such an appendage attached to any of our lines of coaches, would not fail of meeting with encouragement, as every person has experienced the difficulty of transmitting small packages from one city to another.

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENT.

THANATOPSIS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Another fine letter of literary interest, which has not been published and which came into the possession of Mr. Madigan recently, embodies the con-

¹ This extravagant absurdity may give an idea of the length they went at Paris in flattering Dr. Franklin.

² This referred only to the King of England. (Note of the French Editor.)

cluding lines from William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." The letter is from Cummington, Mass., Aug. 9, 1877, and refers entirely to the poem in these words:

The poem of which you speak, "Thanatopsis," was originally a fragment beginning at the

"Yet a few days and thee,"

and closing with the

"And make their bed with thee!"

My father found it among my papers, which I had left in Cummington, and took it with him to Boston, where it was published in *The North American Review*. In 1821 I added the introductory and closing lines, and it was printed at Cambridge in a little collection of my poems. I have not *The North American Review* of that time here to refer to, or I might be more particular. But the poem was not "substantially rewritten." I made some changes in the introduction. . . . The poem attracted as much attention when first published as anything I ever wrote, and the elder Dana, the poet, when he saw it, insisted that it could not have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Excuse this egotism. Etc.—*Boston Evening Transcript* of September 2, 1914.]

First published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, September, 1817

NOT that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry justice frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

. Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with th' elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee! . . .

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January, 1816.

THE MONARCH MINSTREL—A SONNET

BY LORD BYRON

The harp the MONARCH MINSTREL swept,
 The king of men—the lord of Heaven,—
 Which *Musick* hallowed while she wept
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had given—
 Redoubled be her tears—its chords are riven!

It softened men of iron mould,
 It gave them virtues not their own;
 No ear so dull—no soul so cold
 That felt not—fired not to the tone,
 Till DAVID'S lyre grew mightier than his Throne!

It told the triumphs of our King—
 It wafted glory to our God—
 It made our gladdened vallies ring—
 The cedars bow—the mountains nod—
 Its sounds aspired to Heaven, and there abode.

Since then, though heard on earth no more—
 Devotion and her daughter, Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar,
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

The following lines were sent to a friend in this country from England, in manuscript—they have never been printed.

IMPROMPTU BY LORD BYRON

[On a Lady's remarking the melancholy of his Countenance]


If from the heart where sorrows sit,
 Their dusky shadows mount too high,
 Or on the changing aspect flit,
 Or cloud the brow or dim the eye;
 Heed not the gloom, it soon will sink,
 My thoughts their prison know too well,
 Back to the heart they hence will shrink,
 And bleed within their silent cell.

EDITORIAL NOTES

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of September, 1816.

A FRIEND has made an urgent remonstrance against the article in this journal, entitled "Books relating to America," and we notice it, because we well know that many, perhaps a large majority, may join with him in opinion. There are a few persons, however, who have expressed their satisfaction with this particular article, and read it with more pleasure than any other, which to those who cannot read it at all, may seem strange and almost incredible. We propose, however, to continue it, because it was part of our object, indeed our chief design to notice American Literature, not only that which is contemporary, but to take a retrospective glance, at its earliest specimens, most of which have now become extremely rare. In doing this, ease is not consulted, for much of this reading is extremely irksome, tedious, and unprofitable. We have *bona fide*, read through every one of the books we have noticed, and sometimes after reading through a volume, hardly find a sentence to be extracted, or a reflection excited. But even in this case, the labour is not wholly lost, since by commencing this *Catalogue raisonne*, we spare to others who are making researches into the history of their country, the disappointment of perusing a volume that is not worth the pains. The task is a humble one, but it may not be wholly without use and entertainment to those, who have a taste for such investigations.

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of March, 1816.

 The present number, in completing the second volume of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, terminates the labours of the editor for the first year. The circulation of the work is slowly increasing, and though the patronage of the publick is rather reluctant, yet it is sufficient to cover the expenses of publication. Believing a work of this kind, mainly devoted to our own literature and science, will be of considerable utility, he will cheerfully continue his exertions to this end; and has some reason, as there is much room, to hope for its future improvement. To those friends who have assisted him by their valuable contributions; and to those whose partiality has sometimes encouraged his efforts, he offers the most sincere thanks.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of July, 1815.

AN UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET

The following amusing anecdote is extracted from a MS. sheet of the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, which is now in progress of publication, and to which Mr. Walter Scott is a contributor:—

"In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gidean Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner:—"The Gallows," answered Sir Gidean, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gidean," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when you have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right, right," answered the Baron who caught at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the Borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

OBITUARY

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of May, 1815.

In Connecticut. A female supposed dead, was nearly buried alive. Animation fortunately returned before the coffin was closed. Such cases seldom happen, but the horror they excite, leads every one to wish, that such severe regulations for the examination of corpses should be established, that it could never happen.

In New York. Robert Fulton, Esq. aged 48. Mr. Fulton was born in Pennsylvania, and in the commencement of his life intended to pursue the profession of painting, which he studied under Mr. West: but not possessing the kind of talent suited to attain distinction in this pursuit, he wisely renounced it; and devoted himself to the science of civil engineering. This he pursued with great ardour, and under

great advantages for many years, in France and England. In the latter country he published a very elegant work on a new mode of navigating canals with small boats, and doing without locks, by having the boats taken from one level to another, by means of inclined planes. This system never met with much encouragement, and General Andreossi, in his history of the canal of Languedoc, considers it as a retrograde movement in the infancy of the art. He introduced into Paris, in the year 1800, panoramas, for which he obtained a patent of importation, which was a lucrative enterprise, undertaken in conjunction with the late Mr. Barlow. It was curious, that though this admirable mode of representing extensive subjects had been for so many years known in England, and even in this country, it was not only unknown in France, but the artists and philosophers were perfectly incredulous about the effect; though when they saw it, they were extremely delighted, and these representations have since become very numerous. In France he first took up his scheme of submarine navigation, for the purpose of destroying ships of war. He pursued this idea pertinaciously for many years, and the only result was the production of a very curious, but nearly useless machine. The French government refused to purchase it; the English government, however, entered into the scheme. A vessel was blown up in the Downs, in the presence of Mr. Pitt, Sir Sidney Smith and others; the expense of these experiments was considerable, and they gave Mr. Fulton besides a pension, 800 pounds sterling, for which his name was in the red book; though it was said, that he commuted this pension for the sum of 10,000 pounds. It was partly through the friendship of Lord Stanhope, during the ministry of Lord Sidmouth, that these transactions occurred. After this he came back to his own country, convinced of the importance of this Nautilus, Catamaran or Torpedo invention; it bore these names, in the order they stand in France, England and the United States. He did not meet with much success in this plan here. He was engaged in what may be considered a branch of it at the time of his death, which was owing in part to the great exertions he made in getting the steam-frigate in readiness. The eventual success of this vessel may be doubtful, but there are many experienced men who are sanguine in the belief, that it will produce a most important epoch in the system of defence for bays and harbours, and in some degree prevent an anchoring blockade. Certainly, a ball-proof battery, firing red-hot 32 pound balls, with the power of advancing or receding at pleasure, independent of wind or tide, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, is a formidable engine, and differing in many respects from any at present known. But Mr. Fulton's greatest service to his country and the world, is the improvement, which, when we consider its effects, we may style magnificent, of navigating rivers and lakes, by the power of steam. In this country, where rivers and inland waters are of such immense extent, the advantages can be hardly realized in calculation. Many of

the western rivers were before only of use for descent, they were never remounted. Now they are navigated against the current to their source. The *facilis descensus* was given by nature; the *revocare gradum* is owing to Mr. Fulton. He received a very large income from these boats, but all his receipts were devoted to carry his plans more widely into effect. There perhaps never existed a man with more enthusiastic ardour or more extensive views for the internal improvement of his country. The death of such a character in the midst of his career, is a severe national loss.

In New York: In Cambridge, Mr. Solomon, of a wound from a scythe. It has been said, that this man married two sisters about the same time, lived alternately a week with each, and had thirteen children by each of them. The two families lived a short distance from each other in affection and harmony; and the two widows and 26 children followed the deceased to the grave. It is difficult to say whether this be a greater violation of law or of probability.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD

In France. At Calais, Lady Hamilton, famous for her beauty, her accomplishments and frailty. She was originally taken from very humble life by the late Hon. Charles Grenville, and after some years he sent her to Naples with an introduction to his relative, Sir William Hamilton, for a long time the British minister at that court. He married her; she then became intimate with the Queen of Naples, meddled with the political events that followed the irruption of the French. She seconded the vengeance of the Queen against the unfortunate Pignatelli and the other Neapolitan patriots, and by her influence over Lord Nelson induced him to deliver them over to execution, in violation of a solemn capitulation; an act that must forever stain the character of that great commander. He was so completely fascinated by her, that his reputation has been most seriously injured, and in this connection the least blame was on her side. The advantage derived from the last glorious action which terminated his life, the English nation in some degree owe to her. It was her persuasion and influence that induced him to go to the Admiralty, when they offered him the command of the fleet that gained the victory of Trafalgar. Her most unpardonable action in relation to his character, was the publication of the silly and contemptible letters, that were given to the publick last year. She pretended that it was done against her will, but there can be little doubt but she was impelled by sordid motives to this disgraceful publication. In Paris, Mademoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français, and a woman of respectable character, died in January, at Paris, at the age of 60. When the corpse was taken to the Church of St. Roque, to have the last cere-

monies performed, they found the doors locked, and all entrance was refused. The old customs of the Catholick Church were revived, that refused christian burial to actors and actresses! The agitation became extreme, more than 20,000 people assembled; a message was sent to the Tuilleries to the King; he returned an answer that he could not interfere with the regulations of the spiritual authorities. The tumult increased; a second deputation was sent to his majesty, and at the same time a unanimous declaration of all the performers on the theatres of Paris, that if the ceremonies were not performed, they would all of them renounce their religion and turn Lutherans. This brought from the King an order to the priesthood to perform the funeral rites over the body of Mademoiselle Raucour. The populace cried out *vive le Roi—à bas les Calotees—à bas les Calotins—au diable les Calotins!* A large number of troops were brought forward to quell the tumult, fortunately no lives were lost. One of the most barbarous and absurd pieces of ancient superstition was here attempted to be revived; the agitation of the people extorted from the government an injunction to the priests, to practice the usual funeral rites, which however were at last imperfectly performed.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CAPE COD

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January, 1818.

This important enterprize is now a subject of publick attention, and some hopes are entertained that it may be carried into effect. It has been contemplated at different times for about a hundred and fifty years. It was particularly agitated under the auspices of the enlightened Governour Bowdoin in 1776, when a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Machin, a skilful English engineer, afterwards employed by General Washington in the army. In 1791 the consideration of it was resumed at the instigation of some publick-spirited merchants of Boston, when a survey and plan were made by Judge Winthrop of Cambridge, and a survey, map of the ground on a large scale, and estimate by Mr. Hills, a skilful engineer. In 1801, a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Batchelor. Mr. Machin, Judge Winthrop and Mr. Batchelor agree in almost every point, with respect to the plan of the work, and where Mr. Hills differs from them, which is, in making the southern entrance of the canal in Buttermilk, instead of Buzzard's Bay, he is evidently wrong. The estimates of these different persons, taking into view the value of money at the time they were made, do not essentially vary. The expense of a canal for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, with piers to form an artificial harbour in Barnstable Bay, is estimated at about 400,000 dollars. Its importance in respect to the West India Trade of Massachusetts; to the immensely important and rapidly increasing coasting trade of the United States; and its obvious and most essential utility

in time of war, make it altogether more extensively interesting, than any other similar improvement in the United States. There are fewer obstacles in the way of its execution, and more facilities than ever attended any work of equal magnitude. Its value to the publick, under two great heads, first humanity, by the saving of many lives and much suffering; secondly, property, by a great diminution of risk, and prevention of losses, can hardly be estimated. Since it was last contemplated, many improvements have taken place, such as the certainty of clearing away sand at its mouth, the use of steam tow-boats to save horses, and towing-path &c. &c. which will greatly facilitate its execution. No statement of facts has yet been laid before the publick, on which to ground a satisfactory opinion of the advantages likely to result from the construction of this canal, or the profits that would probably accrue to those who might invest their property in it. A committee has been appointed to investigate the subject, and their report will probably supply the requisite information.

EDITORIAL NOTE

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, March, 1817.

With the present Number, which completes the fourth Volume of the North American Review, the responsibility of the present Editor ceases. The contributions to the work have gradually increased; and several gentlemen forming a society for the purpose have particularly promised their efforts to the future Editor, to aid him in filling the pages of the succeeding numbers. This journal is not subservient to any sect religious or political. Its main object is the encouragement of American Literature. The present Editor, in returning his thanks to those persons whose good will has been shown in support of the work, hopes they will still continue it, and is very confident that the future numbers will afford them more gratification.



W. Tabor jr.

THE FIRST EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1815-1817.